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H. W. PHILLIPS, Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Bowser Is Nurse

Wife Tells of His Tender and Skillful Care When She Had Headache—Brings Her Corned Beef and Sausages. Finally Reads Patient to Sleep.

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THE other morning, as soon as Mr. Bowser had departed for the office, the cook came upstairs to inform me that her father had broken a leg, her mother was down with typhoid fever and one of her sisters had been blown up by the kerosene can. She hadn't said anything about it before, not wishing to worry me, but now she felt that she must put on her hat and be off at half an hour's notice.

When a cook's family is all battered up and broken down and blown up and she is feeling that she ought to go home and fall down the cellar stairs and break her neck to keep them company, nothing can be said by the lady who employs her.

I simply assured Mary that my sympathies went out for her and that I hoped she would sober up and be back within a day or two, and away she went. There was the ironing left undone and one of my old headaches coming on, but I set out to do the best I could and let it go at that.

By 3 o'clock in the afternoon I went to bed with such a splitting headache that it seemed as if nails were being driven into my skull, and there was only a slight abatement when Mr. Bowser came up to dinner. I was dreading his arrival. As a rule, when he comes home and finds me in bed he stands before me with folded arms and nods his head and says:

"Flat down in bed again, eh? I knew it would come. A woman who goes

as he put the dish down. "She always contended that fried sausage was better than any doctor's medicine. As soon as you can eat three or four I believe your headache will entirely disappear."

I think it hurt his feelings a bit because I refused to make an effort, but he soon got over it. Then he remarked that his Aunt Ellen suffered for twenty years with headaches, but finally learned that if she sat propped up in bed they would go away within an hour. I tried it to please him, but was so much worse after fifteen minutes that he agreed that his Aunt Ellen must have had asthma instead of a headache.

He then announced that headaches were caused by too much blood in the head and that if I was bled the relief would be instant. He offered to play surgeon with the corn knife and was considerably put out when I objected. I managed to tell him that I was sleepy, and he said he would go downstairs and get things ready for breakfast. He didn't go at once, however. He spent ten minutes giving me advice as to how to get to sleep and how to stay asleep after I got there, and the experiences of his grandfather, grandmother, mother and Aunt Ellen were given at length to illustrate his points.

How Mr. Bowser got things ready for breakfast I did not learn until next morning. Then I found that he had ground coffee and allspice together, mixed sausage, corned beef, cabbage, oatmeal and sage together for a hash



wading around barefoot in the snow or rain must expect to pay for it. Well, you'll get no sympathy out of me."

On this occasion, however, and to my great surprise he came upstairs with quiet tread and laid a hand on my head and said:

"You've got one of your old headaches, and I'm mighty sorry for you. As the cook is not to be found downstairs, I suppose she's gone?"

"Yes, but it wasn't my fault."

"Of course not. Well, there's no use to worry. I'm not so helpless that I can't pick up a bite for myself. You lie quiet and don't worry."

"But I am sorry to have things all upset in this way when you come home," I said.

"Never mind, little woman. It's a long time between your headaches, and we'll get along as slick as grease."

There have been occasions when I have had headaches that Mr. Bowser would go whistling and tramping about and banging away at the furnace doors, but this time he carefully avoided making any noise. It was half an hour before he came upstairs again, and then it was to say:

"What you want is something to eat. A headache is always worse on an empty stomach."

He had brought me up some cold corned beef left from the day before, with a liberal slice of bread and butter with jam on it. I turned dizzy at the sight, and it was all I could do to thank him for his kindness and tell him I hoped to have an appetite by and by.

"I will leave it here," he said, "and the minute you feel like eating I hope you will devour every morsel of it. I can save off a headache every time by filling up with corned beef and sauerkraut. Just let me cool your head for you."

He took a towel and sopped it in cold water and laid it on my head. The water ran down my neck in streams, and he pressed a part of the towel over my mouth till I could hardly breathe, and then he said:

"You want another quilt on this bed. Always sweat a fever out if you can. I have saved myself from typhoid several times that way."

I was burning up and needed less cover instead of more, but I couldn't hurt his feelings by saying so. He put on an extra quilt and then insisted on rubbing my feet to get up a circulation.

Every move of his hand went through my head, but I determined to die before making any objections. He lifted me up and turned my pillow over, shaded my eyes from the gas, wet the towel again and asked to look at my tongue and then departed on tiptoe.

I was dosing when Mr. Bowser came up again, carrying a dish in his hand. I scented the odor of fried sausages and nearly expired.

"I happened to think of what my grandmother used to say," he observed

and dropped the wiping cloth into the teakettle. When he came up again I had fallen into a light sleep, and the cat was there. As soon as he began talking to the feline I awoke.

"So you are here, are you, you miserable, wall-eyed son of a gun!" he said in a stage whisper. "I can't wring your old neck here and now, but don't forget that I am on your trail. If Mrs. Bowser dies, and there is a chance that she will, I'll be the death of you within five minutes. If she pulls through, my vengeance will only be delayed. I have sworn to have your scalp, and have it I will."

The cat got downstairs and out on to the back fence as soon as possible to do some thinking, and as soon as Mr. Bowser discovered that I was awake he offered to go over to the drug store and get me epsom salts, carbolic acid, chloride of lime or anything else any of his family had ever heard of in connection with any ailment whatever. When I replied that I needed nothing in that line he offered to go out and arouse the butcher and baker and bring in pork chops and graham bread. He suggested pickles and sardines from the delicatessen store for an appetizer and for a long five minutes desecrated on the virtues of hard cider as a cure all.

As I wanted nothing but sleep to cure my headache, he decided to sit by me and read me to sleep. Under the circumstances I couldn't tell him that if he would go downstairs I would be asleep in ten minutes. He looked around for a book, but the only thing at hand was a copy of the voyage of Captain Cook. That was as good as anything, according to Mr. Bowser. Every word seemed to go through my head, but I shut my eyes and gritted my teeth and let him read on. How many islands and continents the captain discovered I shall never recall to memory, but I recollect that he had been discovering here and there for a number of years when he landed to be eaten by cannibals. Mr. Bowser's voice betrayed considerable emotion when he reached this point. He had never been eaten himself, but he knew how it must be. The natives were working away when I fell asleep and lost Mr. Bowser, the cannibals, the captain and all else.

It was daylight when I awoke. My headache was all gone, and I was myself again. Mr. Bowser had also read himself to sleep. He sat in his chair like a heap, the book on the floor beside him and the cat on her back asleep, with legs in the air.

"By George," exclaimed Mr. Bowser as I roused him up, "but I didn't know whether you would pull through or not! You were an awfully sick woman, and nothing but my loving care and knowledge of what should be done pulled you through. And now you let this be a great moral lesson to you to behave yourself!"

M. QUAD.

SUMMER OUTING HINTS.

Some Conveniences For Travel Both on Land and by Water.

Until women accept and adopt the convenience of man's many pockets they will never be really "advanced." As it is now, women carry their valuables in little hand bags which are easily lost and always a temptation to thieves, their handkerchiefs are tucked in their sleeves and their money in their stockings or in those insecure little purses fastened to their garters, so that the list of "lost and found" grows daily in the papers.

When but one pocket is made it is apt to sag, because it is generally overloaded, but when a dress is made in strict tailor style and properly fitted with many pockets, each adapted to its own burden, their presence could not even be suspected. Such suits need not be ugly. It all depends upon the way the pockets are set in and where. A suit intended for traveling either in the mountains or anywhere away from the comforts of home should be so constructed as to afford a convenient receptacle for many things which are absolutely necessary and which would be a burden too great if all were put into even a bag slung over the shoulder.

In the illustration are two such suits. They do not differ in appearance from others made without pockets. The one in the background has seven pockets, all large enough to be useful. Under the right side of the fold in the front of the skirt is an opening, hidden by small hooks and eyes, and beneath it is a pocket six inches wide by eighteen inches deep. Another of the same size is on the left side, fastened in the same way. Under the third plait on each side are two more pockets as deep and two more under the sixth folds. All these are made deep, so that whatever is put in them may be hidden by the fullness of the lower part of the skirt.

These will hold combs, brushes and the dozen of other small necessities. Handkerchiefs fill one, and, in fact, whatever one needs is there. At the bust line under the tabs is another pocket made of chambray and so arranged that it buttons firmly. This is for money and other valuables. It is made in three compartments, so that the contents will not form a bunch. It is really not noticeable. Thus all the weight is distributed and one can carry quite an array of things unsuspected. A small pocket in the cape is handy for a handkerchief. The other suit is fitted with an abundance of pockets in the same way.

Mohairs in black, gray, brown or dark blue are better than anything for mountain climbing, but the water-proofed chevrons and other rain proof materials are excellent, since they are strong and light. The trimming is generally composed of tucks, folds and



perhaps a very little braid in tabs, but good taste would suggest something that rain would not cause to pucker.

The question of headwear is a large one, and each person is at liberty to choose the most becoming hat, but durability, after all, is a better guide, and the varnished hats of light straw are the best, for even though they are varnished they remain, to a certain extent, porous. Vells are nuisances in real outings, but if any one thinks she really cannot live without a veil she has the privilege of wearing one.

Hosiery for outings should be considerably heavier than ordinary and if possible have white feet. Do not take like thread, but choose soft sea island stockings unless you can rise above blisters.

Shoulders were made first to look pretty and next to bear burdens, so the elastics should be fastened to the corset. And, though this is not exactly fashion, do not forget pins, needles, thread, small scissors and thimble as well as talcum powder for the skin and cold cream to allay mosquito bites.

Short capes are very much liked for all kinds of outings. Some dark and flexible material is best, the double faced melton being always stylish. Shoes need to be easy, but not too large, as the foot might be hurt by slipping around in them. Thick soles and common sense heels are best. Canvas tops or all leather can be found, but if for mountain climbing stout shoes with leather leggings are best and a protection against snakes.

What is suitable for mountain is suitable for sea, with the addition of a long, hooded cloak, and the many pockets will be found quite as useful in foreign travel as in our mountains at home. Bidding habits for summer are made of thick gray linen, with the addition of a short coat of cloth. Hats are derbies or straw in sailor shape. Boots are worn.

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"I had tried every remedy I could get hold of. I thought I never could get rid of it. One day a friend recommended your remedy. I had tried so many I did not care but thought one more would not make very much difference. The itching and burning stopped right away, and soon my face began to clear. It was slow work and I almost got discouraged, but I persisted, and now my face is all clear, like it was before I got the disease. I had to use a great many bottles but having my skin cured is worth ten times so much as I spent. I thank you and hope you all kinds of success."

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